

AN ELEGY,

On the Most Lamented of Princes
King CHARLES the Second,
Our Late Sovereign of ever Blessed Memory.

IF Sorrow's all we pay a Heaven-Crown'd Head,
The only Offering to the Royal Dead:
To Gracious CHARLES, for all our Vast Arrears,
For almost Twenty Pardon'd Stiffneck't Years;
Oh! What does *England* owe in Sighs and Tears.
Nor bound our Grievs to *Albion's* narrow Shore:
All *Europe* thy Great *Arbiter* Deplore;
Whose Hand, the World's Great Scale of Empire bore.
Nor the Impoverish'd World alone shall weep
At CHARLES's Obsequies; the Mighty Deep
For Dying CHARLES, shall Solemn Mournings keep.
The Wailing *Tritons* on the Ecchoing Main,
Who in Returning CHARLES's Glorious Train,
Once with Shril Trumps did his Loud Triumphs play,
At His *Miraculous Restoration* Day;
All Shouting as the Glittering Monarch Rode,
Neptunes more Young, but Greater Rival God;
Now throw their useles Untun'd Shells away;
And with those Tears, that Funeral Duty pay,
Shall add New Brine to the o reflowing Sea.

And the Proud Waves which the Great Heroe bore,
Rowl Heavily along the *Albion* Shore,
And bear the Mournful Sound the Travel'd Ocean o're.

Bright Saint Farewell, in whom all Virtues shone
So God-like Great, that Thou Blest CHARLES alone,
Hast for lost *Britain* more from Heaven obtain'd,
Then Pious *Lot* for the Curs'd *Sodom* gain'd.
Midst all the hovering Plagues our Crimes persue
For thy Great Sire's still Crying Murder due;
Thou CHARLES our kind Propitiator stood,
A Prince so Gracious, so Divinely Good,
Thy Mercy even Aton'd thy Fathers Blood.

Thy Death were too Severe a Stroke of Fate,
Did not Surviving JAMES the Edge rebate:
Thy Darling JAMES, thy Dearest Half before,
Now thy Great ALL: For though thy Courser Oare
In Dust must Sleep; Thy Brighter Virtues still
In our New CAESAR their Old Orbe shall fill:

Whilst a Bright Spark of thy Celestial Fire,
Full of thy Mighty Self shall His Great Soul inspire.

When Future Times Great CHARLES shall take Review,
Of thy Bright Fames Immortal Volumes through;
Thy Birth, thy Fate, thy Life, thy Acts, thy Reign,
All wond'rous Links of one continued Chain;
Are Truths succeeding Ages shall receive,
Amaz'd to hear, and staggering to believe:
To see the Changing Revolutions move
By the Almighty Guiding Hand above:
Here to behold the Royal FATHER Bleed!
Oh Execrable Wound! Infernal Deed.
Of which all Story shall a Paralel want,
And Hell a Pencil black enough to Paint.

Like Old *Jerusalem's* Prodigious Day,
See Darknes spread, and scatter'd Lightnings Play;
Hell Yawning, and Religion, Government,
Church, Crown, all like the *unveyl'd Temple* Rent:
Whilst the Graves ope'd and all the Loyal Dead,
In CHARLES His Cause, in Honours Noblest Bed,
Rouz'd up to see that Stroke of Horror given,
That Rob'd a Rebel World, to enrich Heaven.

Here change the Scene and see the SUN Restor'd:
A thousand bended Necks to mount their Lord.
Hear the loud Joys and *Hallelujahs* Sound,
And view the Host of Glittering Guards all round.
Ten Thousand Angels in the Van appear,
And three Adoring Kingdoms fill the Reer.
Where such strange Turns the wond'rous *Machins* Play,
There such black Night, and here such dazzling Day:
Heaven. Mighty CHARLES, did in thy Race Decree
To draw the Portrait of the Deity.
The Fathers Fall with the Sons Glory joyn'd,
Sure even in Thee, the Mystick *Shilo* Shin'd;
His Cross thy Sires, His *Resurrection* Thine:
Original None more Bright, No Copy more Divine.

FINIS